

THE
Westminster DREAM.

Relating to the
Tryal of Dr. Sacheverell.

WITH AN
INTERPRETATION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, MDCCX.

T H E
Westminster D R E A M,

O R, T H E
Lawyers Vision,

Relating to the Tryal of Dr. Sacheverel.

ON *Friday* Night last, between Twelve and One of the Clock, being the usual time for Furies and Hobgoblins to dance the wild Morris, and old Hags and Night Mares ride a Hunting on Human Carcasses, being half asleep and half awake; all on a sudden methought I was got in the very midst of *Westminster-Hall*, where, to my very great surprize, instead of Lawyers, I could see nothing but rude and disorderly Crowds of Lawless Persons, whose Numbers more and more encreasing, I had the Curiosity to single out the most moderate Person I could find among them, in order to know the occasion of that mighty Congress; I had scarce asked him the Question but a Rustical sort of a Fellow in a Leather Cap, not unlike a Brewers Servant, in a

a very insolent manner, pull'd my Hat off, and told me I was very unmannerly to stand cover'd before my Sovereign Lords and Masters; *I beg your Pardon, Sir, said I, for I did not know who's Subject I was till now.* Upon which methought he restor'd me my Hat, but charg'd me to be more dutiful for the future.

Taking my leave of this Monster of Majesty, who shou'd I meet with but *Hewson* the Cobler, just as I was entring the *South East Door* of Dr. *Sacheverell's* Scaffolds. I had not known the Collonel, had not Dr. *Burgis* that Moment Saluted him by Name, to whom the Collonel deliver'd his Passports and Credentials from *Pluto's* Apartments; when having whisper'd the Dr. in the Ear (about no goodness to be sure) he vanish'd over the middle of the Scaffold in a flash of Fire, leaving Mr. *Burgis* and I in a consternation, least that chargeable Fabrick should be reduc'd to its first Nothing by some accidental Sparks that might drop from the Sulphurous Body of so hot-headed a Zealot. No, says a High-flying Parson that stood by, *I'll say that for the Collonel, and a T---d for him, both he and his Brethren are so far from demolishing Dr. Sacheverel's Scaffold, that I dare say, rather than the Dr. should want advancement, they would, at their own proper Cost and Charge, add a Gallows to it Fifty Cubits high, and Hang him Gratis into the Bargein.*

While I was listning to this wide-mouth'd Torry, methought all on a sudden the whole Hall was

in an uproar, occasion'd by a Female Quaker that was foaming and raving against Dr. Sacheverell, (who just then pass'd by) in such a violent manner, that she fell in a Fit, but coming to herself gain she renewed her *Billingsgate* Language to this Effect.

Oh thou wicked Hireling, thou Priest of Baal, thou Limb of the Whore of Babylon, and Member of the Guide. Thou false Beast without the least glimmering of Light in thee, being cover'd with thick Darkneſs, even Egyptian Darkneſs; thy Black Coat is a real Type of thy Black Conſcience. Thou Man of Sodom, thou Child of the Devil; thou haſt defiled thy Idol Temple with thy Babylonish Doctrin; thou haſt bewray'd thy own Neſt; thy Steeple-Houſes are now call'd in Queſtion, and thy ſelf become the Deriſion of the People whom thou haſt deluded. Thou haſt given the Mark of the Beaſt to ſo many, that thou art like to be mark'd for a Beaſt thy ſelf. Behold, Oh! Limb of Lucifer, the high Places that are prepar'd for thy Punishment; the whole Nation is againſt thee, ſo thy defil'd Garment is like to be pull'd from thy polluted Shoulders; and thou that haſt receiv'd ſo many Tithes from others, muſt now pay Tythes for thy Vanity.

She would have proceeded further, but the Mobb being inſenc'd againſt her, ſhe had like to have been pull'd in peices, but that Dr. Sacheverel being diſcover'd

cover'd again, there was nothing heard but Huzzahs and well Wishes for his Prosperity, which continued and Encreas'd to such a Degree, that methought several Regiment of Granadiers of the Guards came into the *Hall*, and with some difficulty drove the rude multitude out by Force of Arms.

After this, methought, the Dr. was brought into the *Hall* with a numerous attendance, (the Shouts and Huzzahs of the People without still continuing) who having after ascended the Scaffolds, he was seemingly brought to his Tryal before a great concourse of Nobility, where the Articles of Impeachment against him were read, and Council on both sides pleaded with great earnestness for and against him... The Drs. Answer to the said Impeachments were also read and received, with great Applause, by many of that Honourable Assembly; notwithstanding which many disputes and debates arose between the Council on both sides, yet to my thinking, all things

things seem'd to go in his favour, for a considerable time, till at last a certain Writing called a Replycation to his Answer was read, and maintain'd with much Learning, Eloquence and Judgment, insomuch that the hopeful Scene was seemingly chang'd, and nothing but discontent was observ'd in Peoples Countenances: However his Council was not yet discouraged, but maintained his Cause with all the chearfulness imaginable, which in some measure revived the despairing thoughts of the Drs. Friends, who till then were giving up the Cause; in the interim abundance of Men and Women came out in Crowds from the Scaffolds with various reports, some saying the Dr. was acquitted, and others that he was cast; but while I with many others were attending to know the certainty of his Fate; there was such a great shout and noise of the Mobb in the Palace-Yard, that I awaked before I could get a true account of the matter.

The Interpretation.

THE great Bustle that was seen in Westminster Hall, undoubtedly signifies the great endeavours of the Drs. Enemies to hasten his Tryal, and the great crowd of Mobb shews that the Dr. is Universally beloved, because those vast throngs of People were kept at a distance by Superior Orders.

And whereas there appeared a Person in the habit of a Brewers Servant, who desired to be honour'd with the Compliment of the Hat, it plainly denotes the Oliverian Party to be the most inveterate against him, and that under the pretence and colour of Authority as well as Religion; and to make this the more intelligible, Collonel Hewson and Dr. Burgess appears, and seem to consult his ruin and destruction, and the rather, because flashes of Fire descended from Hewson as he vanish'd, which shews Anger, Malice and Revenge; as for the mad she Friend who call'd the Dr. so many ill Names, she is the true Emblem of that pretended illuminated Tribe, against the Church

Church of England, let them say what they
can to the contrary.

As to that part of the Dream which relates
to the Drs. Tryal, with the manner of his be-
ing brought in and out with such loud Huz-
zahs of the People, it only relates to what I
before mention'd, tho' some will have it that it
shews he won't be Try'd at all, in regard some
said one thing, and some another, which signi-
fies a disagreement among his Enemies, that
they cannot conclude about it.

Let all good People pray for this Great Man,
And wish him all the best Success they can,
Long Life, true Zeal, with loyal Heart and Tongue,
Defend that Church which many strive to wrong.
And when he can no longer speak his Mind,
May he in Heaven the best of Comfort find;
If any seem offended at my Theam,
Let them remember all is but a Dream.

E I N I S.

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February 11, 1953